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Hollins Columns (1943 Oct 29)

Hollins College

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BUY
WAR
STAMPS

Hollins



Columns

BUY
WAR
BONDS

Cocke Memorial Library
Hollins College, Va.

VOLUME XVI

HOLLINS COLLEGE, VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 29, 1943

NUMBER 3

WSSF Speaker Visits Campus

On Sunday, October 31, Miss Patricia Sleezer, a representative of the World Student Service Fund, will be at Hollins College to speak to both the Faculty and the Student Body.

Miss Sleezer herself is a graduate in the Class of 1941 of the State University of Iowa where she majored in public speaking. While at the State University of Iowa she became a member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. She also was active as a member of the Student Government Association, the Student Christian Movement, and the college debating team.

In addition to her work at the State University of Iowa, Miss Sleezer has done graduate work at Yale University and the West Virginia University. At Yale University she was the director of a social settlement in New Haven. During her year's study at the West Virginia University she was secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

As regional chairman of the Student Christian Movement, Miss Sleezer has had a great deal of practice with the American student group; whereas two summers spent in Mexico and Cuba as a worker in peace education and as recreational director for the American Friends Service Committee have given her the opportunity to become acquainted with the foreign student group.

Besides her information gained from practical experience, Miss Sleezer has in her possession a great many recent facts concerning the lives of students in prisons and internment camps in Europe and in America, and in the colleges of China and Switzerland. These facts have come to her via the universal organization of the World Student Service Fund.

The aim of Miss Sleezer's talk is not to raise money. It is to explain the purpose and organization of the World Student Service Fund and also to answer such questions as why the World Student Service Fund exists, what it does, where and how it functions, and what its position is as a member of the National War Fund.

Because the World Student Service Fund is now a part of the National War Fund, Miss Sleezer is fully informed about it. She, therefore, will be able to answer any questions that may arise concerning the National War Fund.

"Spinster" Plans for '44 Revealed; Wartime Modifications Necessary

Let's suppose that it's a nice warm day about the middle of May in the year 1944. We're all hastily catching that after-lunch weed in Keller when suddenly a loud shout punctures our senses—"Have you heard? Hurry up! The *Spinster's* out!" Tearing across campus to East we practically run over a worn-out group of figures sitting passively on a discarded millstone, not at all concerned by the big event. With films scarce as men and with even paper practically on the ration list, who can blame the staff if they have grey hairs?

Armin, the dark-haired editor, has struggled valiantly not only to cut down on the cost, but also to find film enough for the pictures. We have it from her, on the confidential sly, that now she understands completely why so many Greek grocers commit suicide. We would, too, if we had to deal with all that "opaed" tape ourselves. But Armin always has done a good job, it cannot be denied. The sum requested this year from the budget was cut by a total of seven hundred dollars from that requested by *Spinster* staffs in former years. Armin has warned us to expect the *Spinster* to have taken a re-

Cast for Plays is Announced

Have you marked November 6 on your calendar of important events? Are you aware of the full significance of that date? If not, you must be enlightened, for on that evening we betake ourselves to the theatre where the Play Production Class presents: *Freshman Plays!* The audience is seated, the lights are dimmed, there is a thrilling moment of silence and expectation, and the curtain rises upon budding Bernhardt's and Le Gallienne's in action.

The Dramatic Board has announced that the plays are cast as follows:
Gander Sauce: Pat Aufenger, Jeanne Fisher, and Nancy Saunders.

(Directed by Helen Hill Hunter.)
Overtones: Sunny Barren, Sheila Feagley, Tina Thomas and Pat Wood.

(Directed by Hazel Bridgeman and Mary Ann Thomas.)

The Little Darling: Judith Ann Bell, Charlotte Hale, Pat Maloney, Pat Randolph, Jane Smith.

(Directed by Jean Champion and Annie Laurie Rankin.)

Results of Vocational Survey

In an effort to discover students' ideas for present day and post-war jobs, the curriculum committee of Hollins College sponsored a vocational survey on the campus in which the following results were recorded:

Of the entire student body which participated in summer work, some twenty-two students held paid jobs and sixty-nine volunteered. The most popular of the paid jobs was the secretarial position, held down by eighteen students. Next in popularity was the aircraft factory with three students punching the time clock there. Heading the volunteer list was the USO and college courses with runners-up in Surgical Dressings and Nurses' Aide. Office jobs included were airplane spotting, Motor Corps Aide and lab assistant.

Besides desiring to take vocational aptitude tests, most of the students voted that outside speakers and vocational advisers appear on the campus to suggest and discuss post-war jobs and that the correct method of applying for a job be demonstrated.

But the imposing list of intended jobs after college shows that the students have definitely made post-war plans.

ducing exercise, namely about thirty pages' worth.

Since the general idea for the annual must, by tradition, be kept a secret until the day of publication, Armin couldn't tell us much about it. The bits of information we managed to get, however, reveal that the Andre Studios has been replaced by the Parker Studios in Roanoke, and that the David Kent Studio of Pulaski has already photographed those "glamorous" Seniors. Snapshots of this and that will be taken by the members of the *Spinster* Staff.

Did any of you all ever stop to think that one of the members of the original *Spinster* Staff is right here on campus? She's the one who puts those letters in your box, Miss Bessie Peyton. Though there may have been many structural changes from year to year, one cannot deny that the spirit of congeniality and of genuine friendship as evidenced in the personalities and publications on the Hollins campus still pervades over all, even the *Spinster* whose foreboding name we hope does not really tell of the future of the girls that are captured between its cover.

Germination of a Kernel!?!?

Once upon a time there was a great MISTAKE made at Hollins College, Va., situated in the bee-yoo-tee-ful Shenandoah Valley (groove to all you little hep-cats and rut to all you study-bugs). It all happened on the fateful night of October 30th, 1943, and it was caused by (well, I guess you-all are too young to understand technical terms). Any-hoo these . . . did. A KERNEL of gossip was begun and it grew and grew and grew and grew till even the NIGHTWATCHMAN heard it. Of course, it was screamingly funny, and its effect on the campus was indeed regimantal.

"Oh, Henry, come back—I haven't finished the story yet."

"G'wan home, Elmer, you wouldn't understand!"

Well, as I was saying, ORDER became extremely DISORDERLY and . . . Goodnight, do you Innocents know what time it is? Eight o'clock! And before I go, here's something for you to think about . . . I KNOW SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW!

Hollins Praised by News Analyst

Last week-end Mr. Cedric Foster, news analyst over the Mutual network, visited Hollins and Roanoke College. On his broadcast the next day, Monday, October 11, Mr. Foster gave his impressions of his visit here.

"Once again today I'm back in New England from the Southland. This time from Roanoke, Va., where so many friends were so kind. . . Dr. Hugh Trout and John L. Walker. . . Powell Chapman and S. H. McVitty. . . Miss Bessie Randolph, President of Hollins College, and Dr. Charles Smith, President of Roanoke College.

"If we are interested in learning why America is the great nation that it is, we will find one reason in the existence of the small liberal college—the college that teaches so thoroughly the basic principles of America's philosophy of freedom to the boys and girls of our land. Roanoke College at Salem and Hollins College at Hollins, Va., nearby, are striking examples of this type of institution. They were both founded in the year 1842, and they lived through the history of this country for more than a century. Yesterday I walked through the grounds of Hollins with Miss Randolph. The Alleghanies flanked us on one side—the Blue Ridge on the other. Throwing a protecting shoulder over Hollins and its 350 girls from three-quarters of the states of the Union, was Tinker, the mountain which is so close that you can see the browns and yellows—the reds and the golds in its changing foliage. There in the quiet valley the war-stricken world seemed a million miles away. But it has been in the halls of Hollins that many thousands of American girls have absorbed the background of American tradition and culture so thoroughly that they've gone forth into the world entirely able to bear the burdens which have been thrust upon their shoulders. In thinking of education, we are prone to think in terms of the great university . . . but the irrefutable fact remains that the small liberal college is one of the strongest supports in the vertebrae of this land. Destroy that college and you tear down the structure of American education. If we are to survive the small college must live. Roanoke, Randolph-Macon, Hollins—are examples of this in the South."

New Cadet Nursing Plan Presented by Miss Black



Miss Jessie B. Black

Y. W. C. A. Speaker Arrives Sunday

On Sunday, October 31, and Monday, November 1, the Y. W. C. A. will bring its first speaker of the year to campus—Mr. John W. Rustin, Pastor of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, in Washington, D. C.

For the Sunday night chapel service, Mr. Rustin will speak on "Tomorrow Brings the Dawn." Monday morning, his subject will be "A Righteous Faith," while his last address, Monday night, will be "Religion in a Time of Confusion."

After the address Sunday night, there will be coffee and discussion in the Y. W. C. A. room. All members of the faculty and student body are cordially invited to come at this time to meet Mr. Rustin. On Monday, he will have personal conferences with all who wish to have them.

Mr. Rustin's church, the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, with a membership of 3,687, is the largest Protestant church in Washington. In addition to a regular Church School, and Children's Church, it has four choirs, a dramatic club and Boy and Girl Scout Troups. Its social welfare committee has many activities, including provision of necessities to needy families, as well as year-round projects for the children from the poorer districts of Washington.

Halloween Hobgoblins Haunt Hollins; Skeletons Send Sinister Shivers

Halloween! A coyote wails over Tinker Mountain. (Well, okay, a small cocker whimpers.) A wh-o-sh of wings whistles past your ear, and over the library, a high cackling laugh fades away. Halloween! From twilight to highlight (moontime), the goblins and ghosties lurk among the fenny brae, sulk betwixt the goalie cages, flit through West's wide waivering halls. And over all the cold moonlight casts shadows black that stain the floors, the walls, the musty, fusty, dusty corners—(how lyrical!). While icy fingers tinkle out with "Chloe" on your jingling vertebrae. Halloween! Sh-h-h-h-h!

It all begins at six o'clock. The triangle sounds its eery weeping note. Costumed figures, vampires, werewolves, Indians, ghosts, goblins, sprites, nymphs, driads, semi-driads, semi-nymphs, scarecrows, monsters, bears, tigers—flow from West, flee from East, fly from Main—and crawl from Turner Lodge. In the dining room, with low-turned lights, pumpkin faces grin from mid-air, candles flicker in the mysterious winds, and plates piled high with festive foods appear miraculously from the elements. And all is quiet

Miss Jessie B. Black, Associate Director of the School of Nursing and Nursing Service at Johns Hopkins Hospital (Baltimore, Maryland), will speak at Hollins College on Tuesday, November 2.

Miss Black represents the National Nursing Council for War Service and the United States Cadet Nurse Corps—the new government plan which, under the U. S. Public Health Service, offers a free professional education to qualified students. Her visit is part of a nation-wide endeavor to recruit 65,000 student nurses this year for wartime replacements, caused by acute needs of the Army, Navy, and civilian health agencies, and also to interest college women in preparation for post-war careers.

The latest information on the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps will be presented by Miss Black, who has recently conferred with Miss Lucile Petry, its director, and other national authorities. Recruits in the Corps receive free tuition, free maintenance, distinctive gray and scarlet street uniforms and a monthly stipend during their entire period of training in accredited schools of nursing. In return, they promise to remain active in essential military or civilian nursing for the duration of the war.

Miss Black was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and attended the Glasgow High School and the Glasgow School of Art before coming to this country.

A graduate of the Johns Hopkins School of Nursing, she obtained the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1939, and her Master's degree in 1940 at Teachers College, Columbia University, where she specialized in Administration in Schools of Nursing. In 1938, she held the Isabel Hampton Robb Scholarship, and in the following year, the Isabel Hampton Robb Fellowship.

Nursing, Miss Black believes, is war work with a future. The first women to go overseas with the armed forces were the Army and Navy nurses. Even before she graduates, the student nurse is now recognized as being in a service as essential as that undertaken by the WACS, the WAVES, the SPARS and the Marines. Student nurses release graduate nurses for service overseas, or in military or naval hospitals at home.

As a post-war profession, nursing offers opportunities which have been greatly

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except the sad shop-chomp-chomp—sounded in unison from 300 drooling, quivering lips. Chomp, chomp—"have a glass of blood, oh, do . . .," chomp, chomp—"Brown eyes are much better than blue, don't you think? . . ." Chomp—"Yes, and especially with this salad dressing . . ." Chomp, chomp, gul-l-lp!

And there, when healthy appetites are satisfied, when chops are licked and fingers dried, the low mournful songs of October 31 break out from table to table, and wait themselves out over the pastures, past the Forest, past the fireplace, past the stables and out to the fields, where cows grazing peacefully, become restive and seek to jump over the moon. Finished are the songs. Then, suddenly, instantaneously, immediately (pretty soon, anyway) the weirdly clad spectres rise from their seats and gleefully race to the Little Theatre to settle themselves in creaking chairs. Expectantly, the fallow faces grey with mystery, turn like flowers toward the moving curtain, and as it rises, woozley figures rise with it and face the audience in grim bewilderment. Senior Stunts. And thus ends another Halloween

Hollins Columns

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by a staff composed entirely of students

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WORLD WIND

By RUTH BOND

At an airport in Moscow last week, a bespectacled little Russian, who looks like Teddy Roosevelt, met a handsome Britisher in a derby and a tall white-haired man bundled in an overcoat; one having flown all the way from London and the other from Washington. Thus began the long awaited conference between Molotov, Eden and Hull. Their respective governments had paved the way by their first three-way declaration on record, which was their joint acceptance of Italy, who had just declared war on her former ally, as a co-belligerent. So far we have been told that the conference was progressing satisfactorily. The Russians seem most desirous of discussing the possibility of an immediate second front, and most reluctant to bring up the dispute over their 1941 boundary line which included the Baltic States, Finland and Bessarabia. In Italy, the British-American Fifth Army raced through the battle of the Volturno taking Capua, Alife, and Piedmonte d'Alife. Both at Alife and Cancelli where the British hold positions eight miles inland from the mouth of the river, the Germans struck with two counter-attacks, obviously designed to disrupt Allied plans for a close pursuit of the enemy and to give Field Marshal Albert Kesselring's forces more time to withdraw troops and heavy equipment to their new mountain entrenchments. On the American front, events in Argentina, the last remaining South American country to maintain relations with the Axis, have reached a crisis. Continuing to dismiss pro-Allied ministers and officials, President Ramirez and his reactionary clique have run afoul of both the army and the people, making a change in the government imminent. Apparently, Ramirez doesn't yet realize the advantages of joining the winning side now, although the people, themselves, do. They, as well as we in the United States, are Americans, feel and know that the future of Pan-American solidarity and economic welfare rests on the outcome of their confusion.



THE EVIL HOUR

By SUSAN RICHARDSON

At midnight every Halloween
(I've often heard it said)
All restless specters congregate
And rise up from the dead.

With haggard face and sunken jaw
They make a sorry sight
For any soul of flesh and blood
Abroad that time of night.

But come the night at Hollins
And the way we all behave
Is enough to scare a hard-boiled ghost
Right back into his grave.

A mortal maiden may be fair
As Helena of Troy,
Equipped with charm and looks enough
To capture any boy.

But just as sure as bedtime comes
Her beauty fades away
Beneath protective coats of salve
Until another day.

The gentle blush and ruby lips
(Alluring as they seem)
Must vanish on a Kleenex
With a layer of cold cream.

The shining locks which once were long
And glamorous instead
Are bound up in a kerchief
And secured around her head.

And so, although most girls and ghosts
Look grim enough at night,
They either vanish or improve
Before the morning's light.

EDITORIAL

Peace was a good time when the people of this nation lived from day to day, undisturbed, never inquiring into the fundamentals of life, much less doubting them. Peace was a good time when old traditions and customs were trusted, and there was no need to think them through again. Then, in a natural period of mental lethargy, we did not bother about questioning certainties. We knew what to think, so we ceased to think. Today, that lethargy must vanish, for we are finding that those same fundamentals cannot be trusted forever. Now, in these whirlwind times, we are forced to revise our scale of values, cultivate modern attitudes. There is much thinking to be done, and more to be undone. If we are to meet the challenge for a new world that the potentialities of these revolutionary times present to us, we must prod our complacent minds into action. The opportunity is before us to revamp our way of living, eliminate worn-out practices and beliefs, taking care to consider thoroughly the ones that we will provide to take their places. The future of America is, as always, in the hands of its people—we must think it through and mold it well.

KATHERINE ROSBOROUGH

Under the Dome

Two poor, misguided freshmen from Florida complained to Marguerite Mountcastle not long ago that all the trees at Hollins are dying and the leaves are falling off. My, my!

And just what kind of eyedrops did you say you would like to use, Berk?

Julie Cooper's descriptive powers are really marvelous. The other day she described someone's voice as being very gullible, but quite confidentially, we have a sneaking suspicion she meant guttural.

Mary Nolde must have really been in earnest up there on Tinker Day. Did you see the way she ran down the mountain after the stunt?

One poor, sleepy soul almost missed breakfast a few mornings ago when, as she prepared to dash out the door was stopped dead in her tracks by the voice of the Rainbow Bread man which boomed forth, "Hey, bud, take off that winter coat," and needless to say, she had to come back and change her clothes.

And then there's Cis Davidson who, when told to face squarely while executing one of her first bullies in hockey, turned and asked Miss Chevreux who Squarely was.

Did you swooners get a load of Miss Maddrey zipping across campus, portable radio under her arm, last Saturday night? Guess why?! She wanted to find out what that Sinatra had that gets all the women! Never fear, girls, now she knows!

Flash! Latest Bulletin from the Registrar's office! Mr. Cedric Poster, after praising Hollins over a nation-wide hook-up, followed up his comments by sending in an application blank for his daughter. She'll be here either next year or the year after, depending on the number of credits she has at the end of this year.

Scintillating conversation overheard in Keller. Marilyn: "He'll be out here as soon as the train leaves." Dixie: "What train—the bus?"

Another tidbit gathered from an eavesdropper. On the wintry afternoon of Senior-Junior hockey game, a spectator, gazing at the tomato red, wind-blown legs of several players, remarked, "They're really in the pink of condition!"

Amusing notes from a November 14, 1941, HOLLINS COLUMNS... The subject of "Students Discuss" was the possibility of war with Japan. Two student prophets, Elizabeth Chewning and Betty King, stated emphatically "No!"—Wonder how they felt three weeks later when Pearl Harbor was bombed!

ON THE BALL

By CIS DAVIDSON

November is the month for all the sports-minded girls of ye olde school to display their athletic agility. It is the month of tournaments which start off with a whiz on November 9 when the Archers line up for bull's-eyes. Then on the 10th of November the golfers will tee off for the Golf tournament. And on November 12 the Tennis tournaments will get underway. And then in this same month, on November 6, the riders will show us their prowess in the annual Fall Gymkhana. Hockey, of course, will be carried over into November to add to the parade of sports. After weeks of jogging around the field on back campus the players are ready to don their yellow and green gym suits for a most promising season of games.

October 23, 1943

The inter-class teams, managers and captains are elected for the hockey class games to be played October 25—November 2. The game schedule is as follows: Monday, October 25: Sophomore-Freshman Tuesday, October 26: Senior-Junior Wednesday, October 27: Senior-Freshman Thursday, October 28: Junior-Sophomore Monday, November 1: Freshman-Junior Tuesday, November 2: Sophomore-Senior Odd-Even Hockey game: November 24 at 3:30; Banquet at 6:00

FRESHMEN

RW—Chisolin, Mary (Baltimore, Md.)
RI—Moore, Anne (Richmond, Va.)
CF—Syndor, Gloria (Richmond, Va.), Manager
LI—Gibson, Gale (Wilmington, Del.)
LW—Langford, Anne (Baltimore, Md.), Captain
RH—Pence, Margaret (Washington, D. C.)
CH—Pettus, Carmen (Richmond, Va.)
LH—Hull, Anne (Roanoke, Va.)
RF—Fulton, Eleanor (Baltimore, Md.)
LP—Butcher, Nancy (Richmond, Va.)
Goal—Duncan, Patricia (Duncannon, Pa.)

SUBSTITUTES:
Henn, Sally (Dayton, Ohio)
Rogers, Judith (South Euclid, Ohio)
Russell, Katherine (Pittsburgh 5, Pa.)
Randolph, Cary (Richmond, Va.)
Morrison, Helen (Asheville, N. C.)

SOPHOMORES

RW—Fleming, Frances (Cleveland Hgts., Ohio)
RI—Lang, Virginia (Baltimore, Md.)
CF—Phillips, Betty (Charleston, W. Va.), Captain
LI—Froebel, Carol (Swarthmore, Pa.), Manager
LW—Ryland, Kathleen (Richmond, Va.)
RH—Slaughter, Jane (Orange, Va.)
CH—Hammett, Betty (New York, N. Y.)
LH—Hart, Helen (Richmond, Va.)
RF—Prince, Marion (Charlottesville, Va.)
LP—Finn, Molly (Wilmington, Del.)
Goal—Robertson, Joan (Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.)

SUBSTITUTES:
George, Virginia (Charlottesville, Va.)
Bishop, Jane (New Cannon, Conn.)
Grigg, Hamilton (Charleston, W. Va.)

JUNIORS

RW—Davidson, Lowry (Camp Lee, Va.)
RI—Hendrix, Betty Kerr (Greensboro, N. C.)
CF—Davis, Margaret (Baltimore, Md.)
LI—Demarest, Marjorie (Baltimore, Md.)
LW—Stokes, Julia (Winston-Salem, N. C.)
RH—Lentz, Elizabeth Ann (Charlottesville, Va.)

CH—McGraw, Helen (Summit, N. J.), Captain
LH—Barnwell, Margaret (Columbia, S. C.)
RF—Hewitt, Merille (Huntington, W. Va.), Manager
LP—Pande, Jane (Great Neck, L. I.)
Goal—Bradley, Sarah (Lookout Mt., Tenn.)

SUBSTITUTES:
Echols, Lelia (Lexington, Va.)
Barnes, Mary Baker (Charleston, W. Va.)
Chambliss, Betty (Columbia, S. C.), Honorary

SENIORS

RW—McCurdy, Emily (Swarthmore, Pa.), Captain
RI—Thomas, Cornelia (Sandy Springs, Md.)
CF—Krueger, Margaret Anne (Cleveland, Ohio)
LI—Nolde, Mary (Richmond, Va.)
LW—Jones, Ruth (Buffalo, N. Y.)
RH—Pearson, Mary (Roswell, New Mexico)
CH—Ryland, Patsy (Richmond, Va.), Manager
LH—Donaldson, Mary (Anne Arbor, Mich.)
RF—Cay, Armin (Savannah, Ga.)
LP—Biggs, Anne (Danburg, Conn.)
Goal—Milyko, Florence (Bayville, N. Y.)

SUBSTITUTES:
Grace, Agnes (Macon, Ga.)
Chewning, Elizabeth (Bon Air, Va.)

GRACE CHEVREUX

Come on out to back campus, everybody, to watch your team jog to victory. The side-line spirit is half the fun.

The Tennis Club has swelled even more to include this fall's new members. After many grueling days on the court, Ann Arnold and Rosie Board have become new tentative members; and Betty Cobbs, Ann Geoghegan, Bitty Grimes, and Lee Stuart, new active members. The Club also elected its new president last Monday—Congratulations Dodie.

A new season has also brought a whole flock of new members to Orchestras. Bundles and bundles of orchids to these girls who have been so honored—Connie Hall, Carolyn Hill, Eleanor Fulton, Betty Gillespie, Doris MacWilliams, Carmen Pettus, and Anne Rose! Orchestras is working on spring recital themes already—and we hear they are as lovely as ever.

The new president of the Hollins Swimming Club is Maggie Barnwell, and the new Chairman of Testing is Agnes Reid Jones. Tryouts for new members are now being held. This year, in addition to becoming a full-fledged member of the club when a girl passes the grueling tests successfully, she receives a Red Cross certificate for proficiency in swimming. Which we think is very wonderful! By the way, the club will present a swimming pageant sometime in the near future.

The campus will be honored by a very important speaker come November 18. Dr. J. B. Nash, an authority on Physical Education, Health, Recreation, and the like will speak in convocation on "Teachable Moments in Health Education." It should be valuable to us—especially at a time when Physical Fitness is being stressed as one of the most important factors in colleges throughout the country.

Oh, I almost forgot! Today we practice "scoops" and "flicks" on back campus. So 'bye now—

Mrs. Barnes Solicits Student Writers

On Thursday, October 21, Miss Myhr and Miss Long gave a tea in the Y.W.C.A. Room at 4:30 for Mrs. Barnes of the Roanoke Office of Civilian Defense. Through this office, Mrs. Barnes is script editor of the defense programs broadcast over Station WDBJ. Her purpose in coming to Hollins was to solicit the aid of students in writing plays or skits to be broadcast this year. During the tea, Mrs. Barnes talked of the requirements of radio material and gave helpful advice as to the way it should be written.

First Carnegie Tea Held Recently

The first of a series of Carnegie Teas was held on Sunday, October 24, 1943, from 4:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m., in the Y. W. Room. The program, in charge of Hazel Bridgman and Helen Hill Hunter, consisted of:

Prokofiev. Classical Symphony in D Major
Lily Pons. "Salut a La France"
(From Daughter of the Regiment, Donizetti)
Beethoven. Piano Emperor Concerto
Rameau. "Le Tambourin"
Daquia. "Le Concon"
(Harpiscord Solo)
Debussy. Nocturne: Fetes Sirenes

Ann Weatherspoon was in charge of refreshments, and the hostesses were Music Majors.

The Carnegie Teas are sponsored by the Music Association, which is planning to have one each month. The entire campus is cordially invited to attend these teas.

Senior Spotlight

In case you're wondering exactly what class Hazel Bridgman is in, the answer is that she went to summer school and is coming to graduate with the Class of '44 this June. Hazel is definitely "Miss Versatility" of 1944, too. She is a piano major, a member of the choir, and is talented in the realms of popular music as well... (come to Senior Stunts and hear for yourself... PLUG! !). Also, she is an accomplished actress and is President of the Dramatic Board this year. Then, as if this weren't enough, she is a champion tennis player, too.

Another woman of many activities is Elizabeth Chewning whom you probably know as head of the Curriculum Committee, a YW officer, a group leader, and treasurer of the Senior Class. Also, she is the one who is responsible for organizing the defense courses on campus. Chewning, as she is usually called, is another lass who put her talents in her major field to work this summer in the office of the Civil Service in her home town of Richmond. She is an Economics major.

Then there's Aggie Grace (Agnes on her birth certificate) from Macon, Ga., whom you may have seen dancing in Keller (her jitterbug act is famous on campus) and she is one of Orchestras' stars, too. On the serious side she is a Biology major who is on the Dean's List. She wins prizes at both the swimming meet and the horse show and is, of course, in the Swimming and Riding Clubs. Also she is on the Senior hockey team.

Our Roanoke lass is Agnes Reid Jones. You'll probably meet her father in his official capacity if you ever have to have your appendix out. A Reid is responsible for organizing the Swimming Club at Hollins and is very active in its activities now. She is a great help to the War Committee and had a great deal to do with our getting our own Red Cross unit on campus this fall. For the last few summers she has been a camp counselor, but this year she used the knowledge from her Biology major at Hollins to work in the laboratory in the Jefferson Hospital in town.

WEEK-END, WEEK-OUT

By BITTY GRIMES

Who eyed:
The calendar with impatient eye?
Who sighed:
While five weeks five times crawled by?

Who cheered:
The 22d, Glorious-Day of Emancipation?
And then:
Started counting days 'til Christmas vacation?

Could it be the same group of which so many became very attached to this campus and then suddenly, for some unknown reason, went streaking off all over the country last week-end? To be specific: Ann Rose, Gloria Sydnor, Mickey McSweeney, Cary Randolph, Ann Moore, Ann Alexander, Ann Riese, Sally Hess, Elizabeth Wingo, Jean McKinsey, and Nancy Butcher went to Richmond. Nancy Glendenin went to Greensboro. Rusty Dawson to Charleston, Ann Langford to Baltimore, Totsy Tucker and Judy McCullach to Durham and Ross Carter to Washington. Jack Lester and Nancy Hersher went to Hampden-Sydney.

Incidentally, a few members of Classes '46, '45, '44, managed to get away in the midst of this mad rush. Carolyn Riggan and Helen Hart went to Richmond. Merrill Hewitt, Mardi Davis, Lil and Lane Winship, and Dotty Mears went to Baltimore. Tina and Patsy Ryland also went to Richmond—to help their brother get married. Mary Lou Payne went to Hampden-Sydney, and Phyllis McHarg and Betty Young traveled to Fort Bragg.

As to life on campus, have you noticed what a "black" winter it is at Hollins? When they're dressing high, everyone seems to turn to black. Some variations on this theme are Mary Jane Watson's black dress trimmed in blue crepe and sequins; Betty Bond's trimmed in lace with a peplum, and Ann Geoghegan's with a sheer neckline bordered in sequins. Oh, yes, those black suits, for instance, Lil's gaudy one worn with mink fur or Armin's worn with silver fox (if you have the fur, as she has). Also there's the Duchess of Windsor's impeccable black suit with a shoulder bag. If you're wondering how she got in here, ask Ruth Bond. She saw the Duke and Duchess over at Hot Springs. According to Ruth they're both very young looking. The Duke was quite blond with blue eyes, making a sharp contrast to his brunette wife. Both laughed all the time, and the Duchess seemed to rush everywhere, with the smiling Duke always close behind.

Getting a good start in new life at Hollins was the subject for discussion when Dean Mary Phlegar Smith and Miss Frances Gibson Wallace spoke to the new students at the weekly convocation, Thursday evening, October twenty-first, at seven o'clock.

The maintenance of high standards, scholastic and social, proved to be the most important aspect of college life, as Dean Smith emphasized. One should always do her very best and be her own critic in whatever circumstances come up in her days at college. A girl who puts out the most that she can and is satisfied with only the best results should be the ideal of every other girl. A person who wastes time and education now could be labeled as a "saboteur in a war plant." Every college girl should develop a sound philosophy of life which she intends to follow. This should include a deep spiritual and religious value which will help her at trying times, firm beliefs, consideration for others, and a love for truth and beauty. This philosophy, along with the maintenance of high standards, requires hard work and disappointments, but when the former two are accepted college life will have reached the goal which it hopes to achieve.

Miss Wallace emphasized the fact that emotional maturity was necessary to "make college count," as she put it. This maturity includes a philosophy of life, self-discipline and criticism, a sense of responsibility, and an ability to use our resources, and accept unalterable situations with good grace. College helps to develop this emotional maturity by giving

ing the unique opportunity to know others, by showing the needs of others, and by providing opportunities for intellectual growth and development.

Marjorie Daly, author of *Seventh Summer*, published an article in August, 1942, *Vogue*, "If I Could do it Over Again," which was read by Miss Wallace, telling of the things that she would do at college if she could start over again. Miss Daly revealed how she would get down to work at the first and do away with the "little mis-used moments" which fill so many college girls' lives.

College is just like any other professional job. A student must work hard and long to maintain high standards, and no one else can do it for her.

The present war has affected people all over the world, and we at Hollins are no exception. The faculty of Hollins College has undergone many changes in the past few years, for many have left to enter the services of Uncle Sam in one way or another. You may be wondering what they are all doing, and so here is a brief glimpse of Hollins "at war." Lieut. John N. Waddell, U. S. N. R., is now stationed in Hollywood, Fla. Lieut. Donald Bolger, U. S. A., is serving overseas, and is on special duty with special service somewhere in England. Lieut. (jg) Robert L. Goodale is with Christina and Mrs. Goodale on Treasure Island, Cal., where he is teaching Navy recruits. Mr. Lerche is in O. C. S., training at Fort Washington, Md. Sergeant Judson Humeston is stationed near Huntington, L. I., and is with his wife and daughter. Captain Charles O. Graves is still on special missions for the Army in India.

The women are also doing their part to win this war. Ensign Mary Knox, U. S. N. R., is in Washington, D. C. Miss Dorothy Vickery has recently been promoted to the ranks of the American Red Cross. She is now Assistant Director of the Eastern Area and is living in Alexandria, Va. Miss Mabel Uzzell is Field Representative of the American Red Cross, and travels in North Georgia visiting local chapters, and setting up their annual budget on the Red Cross activities among volunteer workers. Her home address is Athens, Ga. Miss Kathryn L. Wood is doing special work for the War Department under the Signal Corps, and is living in Washington, D. C. Miss Frida Ilmer is continuing her assignment under the War Department in Chicago. Miss Edna Becker is now Ensign Becker, U. S. N. R., and is stationed in Washington, D. C.

We have been unable to obtain news of Cadet Elizabeth Jacobs, U. S. M. C. R.; Lieut. Shaffer, Mr. Gordon Tice, Lieut. Aubrey Drewry, and Mr. Robert Talbert, but we shall publish news of them as soon as we have further information concerning their activities.

Hikes to Promote Physical Fitness

Tinker Day is safely and successfully past. We've all seen what those many lazy and neglected muscles of ours can do in an emergency, but now we wish to propose a method for keeping in trim for next Tinker Day—or perhaps, for the WAVES or the WACS (if you had any such ideas!). Now, with fall in full sway, and brisk breezes spicing the air, it is the time for all good women to turn out in those "awful, dirty habits," our faithful blue jeans, and follow our leader on some Sunday afternoon hikes. Murph's got plenty of ideas to try out if she can find an enthusiastic bunch, and Miss Anderson has even said something about an overnight hike. But, we'll have to show 'em we're good hikers first!

So, don't be bored or blue on Sunday afternoon when you could be out exploring the countryside. Shake yourself out of that lethargy, and help us get the gang together, and remember, you'll be keeping physically fit, too.

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Students Discuss: Hollins' War Fund Drive

JUDY ROGERS, '47

Now that I have been a "college girl" for five weeks, I have at last found out the speed with which allowances go with the wind. One day I have twenty-five dollars and the next I'm in debt with my roommate. Where the money goes is the mystery of life, and I am in no position to solve it. It leaves me with a guilty conscience to think that I have "blown" my father's hard-earned money and have little or nothing to show for it. But today it is different. Today I can write home and say I gave a good part of my allowance to the War Fund Drive. In giving up a few visits to the T-House, I am not only watching the waistline, but I am helping some soldier or European child to get a small fragment of the comfort we in America are experiencing every day. It is one of the worthiest causes I know, and each extra dollar given over here means an extra bit of happiness received over there.

JESSIE CROWE, '46

Another drastic movement is on foot this time literally gobbling up the last remnant of that remote jewel—cash! But the presentation of this plan has really been rather charming. So often the patrons of these causes are too busy percolating with their own passionate zest and shrieking, "Give, give, give, oh, my dear innocents, if you could only see the horrors, the agonies, the blood-curdling woes of our men. But no, my fortunate friends, etc., etc." This always reminds me of those perfectly obnoxious movies in which disreputable desperados slaughter our soldiers causing one's head to throb with the bang, bang, bang of the action. Things of this sort always inspire me to whack the producer over the head with a bag of bullion rather than pour it into War Bonds as they so strongly desire.

Luckily the originators of the Red-Blue drive seem to be realists revealing to us the necessity of continuous contributions. True, the assignment is tough, particularly when an empty purse fails to produce the tantalizing feeling of being a martyr; but everyone knows you cannot hope to win a combat in which you have entered half-heartedly. Enthusiastic and thorough support will produce a hard-earned and well-deserved victory.

ANNE KRUEGER, '44

The War Fund Drive is of great National importance. We are giving to seventeen organizations at one time. Have we stopped to realize the people to whom we are giving—people who have sacrificed almost everything and would sacrifice even more if it were possible? They are now in need of help and here is our chance to do our little part. Have we sacrificed anything of any consequence? No, nothing that compares with the men in the service and the peoples abroad. Let's give and give until we feel we have really sacrificed something worth while.

PAT NEILON, '44

I am glad that we at Hollins are having an active rousing War Fund Drive. When we come here, away from the family radio and newspaper, we tend to become very unconcerned with the state of the world. As a result even when our brothers and dearest friends in the service are giving so much toward winning the war, and when our parents are taking such an active part in Civilian Defense activities at home, we forget that Hollins, too, is a part of the United States of America. But now we have a chance to show ourselves that in the national crisis we are no longer an isolated outpost. For once, we can join with all the other people throughout the nation in giving our money for a cause which all of us recognize as the most worth while. I am sure that every girl will do her utmost to take her share in the adult responsibility which is hers now.

B. K. HENDRIX, '45

This year the War Fund Drive is one of the most important undertakings of the school and I think every girl realizes it. So far, the cooperation of each student has been wonderful. If it keeps up, or improves, we'll have something to be proud of. The aim of this drive, to send supplies to the boys overseas, among other things, strikes home to all of us, and I believe we'll all give 'til it hurts, and where it counts most. We've become so conscious of every cent we spend unnecessarily, that it is really not so hard to pinch a few pennies here and there. And each time we pinch, it helps the school get nearer that goal. So, let's keep up the grand work the War Committee has started!

JEFF FINDLAY, '45

I think that the War Fund Drive is the best means Hollins has employed for helping the many needy reliefs and organizations. For the cases are extremely worthy, and we have all seen the good that at least one of these organizations has done. For example, who of us has not seen the benefit of the USO, and has not seen a service man, otherwise lonely and strange, find enjoyment and a friendly atmosphere with the help of the USO? This organization, like all the others, however, cannot continue its work without more and more help from us, so I say, "Give as much as you can to the War Fund Drive—you won't regret it."

BETTY MALONE, '47

The War Fund Drive is an excellent thing for Hollins College. All of us girls are so busy with studying (?), T-Housing, etc., that we need a drive to let us know that after all there is a little more to the world than Hollins. This War Fund Drive will do the trick.

Then, too, it is duty calling. We feel that we want to and must do anything we can to help the war effort. Our ego swells to think that a small donation on our part can help a person on the other side of the earth.

The competitive motive for giving adds interest to this drive. Here and now, I'm going to take the privilege (try and stop me!) of saying, "Come on, Reds."

MIDGE DEMAREST, '45

We, as college girls, are limited in our direct participation in the war. We are not asked to trade our secure and comfortable lives for the regimented life of an army camp, for a muddy foxhole in the Solomons, or for the horrors of a Japanese prison camp. We are not asked to give our lives as so many of our fellow Americans have done. Since we cannot do these things, we must give our all to the things which we can do. Being nurses' aides and rolling bandages are just a few of the ways in which we can help.

One of the most important ways in which we can help is to give our money to help our allies and defeat our enemies. The money subscribed to the War Fund Drive will do exactly this. Through one contribution we are able to help many worthy organizations of the United States and our allied nations. We can be sure that our money will be spent where it can do the greatest amount of good.

So let's all give, give, and give to the War Fund Drive until it hurts. No sacrifice we make could possibly equal the one which so many are making today.

ROSIE BOARD, '44

We seem to think we're in a little world all our own and can't get it through our heads that what happens "outside" affects us in the present as well as in the future. If we don't do our part in contributing to our War Fund, there won't be any future—for us or for anyone. So, instead of squeezing until it hurts, squeeze until it practically kills you.

Heironimus Says

Now that fall days are here in earnest Hollins gals are turning to thoughts of picnics in Happy Valley, luxurious Saturday night dinners at the hotel and, best of all, football games. For picnicking there's nothing better than tweed or dark wool slacks and those long-sleeved, white flannel or plaid shirts from Heironimus.

We have lots of suggestions for more dress-up occasions, too: Colorful pastel wools, gabardine or the always smart Habitmaker dresses. Take note of Murph Barnes' good looking pecan-brown one. Over these (for warmth as well as beauty) you'll want a Chesterfield coat (Heironimus has them ranging from \$39 to \$79).

And last but not least are the exciting variety of delicious tweed, plaid and gabardine suits, perfect for any occasion. (And especially for all those football games scheduled for Roanoke this fall.)

Of course, you'll want blouses, too. Heironimus has darling frilly white Kerry Cricket ones with little round collars trimmed in lace as well as the more classic tailored "Sta-In" kind in all colors.

Before we leave we'd like to rave a little about the divine Harris tweed top coats. Words won't describe them, though, so you'll have to come in and see for yourself. And while we're handing out bouquets, have you seen Betty Condell's red wool jumper and black jersey blouse or Martha Mallory's stunning alligator purse, both from Heironimus, of course, so . . .

See you soon at Heironimus

ADVERTISEMENT

Miss Black Discusses Nursing Plan

(Continued from Page 1)

expanded by the war. Nurses will be called upon to take part in post-war reconstruction programs abroad and at home. There is now, and there is every evidence that there will continue to be after the war, a great need for nurses, not only in hospitals and other institutions, but also in public health nursing, as teachers in schools of nursing, in government work with the U. S. Public Health Service, the U. S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, the U. S. Veterans Administration, and in a number of specialized fields.

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